

Character Sketches in Rhyme



and Other Verses



Chas
Anthony
Doyle

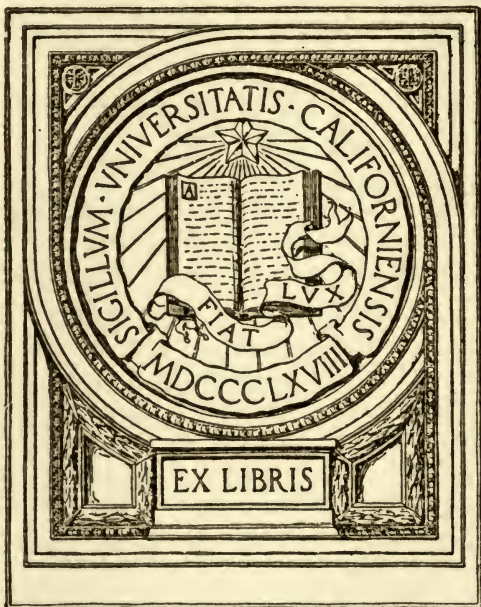
200 642 84



UC-NRLF

YB 73624

GIFT OF
Class of 1900



959
D754
C

To Mr Lewis Miller

With regards
of the writer and
kindest recollection
of the the days of
195 at 7th +

Broadway
Cachob

2327 Prince St

Berkeley Cal

1/31/12

1875

Character Sketches in Rhyme and Other Verses



BY
CHAS. ANTHONY DOYLE

//

San Francisco
The WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
1911

TO THE
LIBRARY OF
CLARE OF 1900

Title, Sub-Titles and Matter
COPYRIGHTED 1911 By CHAS. ANTHONY DOYLE

The Blair-Murdock Company
San Francisco
1911

Contents

	PAGE.
FOREWORD	5
To D. S. R.	7
IN SERIOUS MOOD	
A Phantasy	11
A Question for the Masters	21
At Sutro Heights	23
My Temple	25
Two Little Girls of Mine.	26
Sierra to the Singer.	28
Song	31
A Ballad for the Gael.	33
Our Mothers	39
His Monuments	41
To Joaquin Miller	43
Below the Cliff House.	44
Looking Forward	45
A Call to the Hills	47
IN DIALECT	
Two Idylls of the Old Town.	51
The Social South of the Slot.	51
The Proposal	55
The Same Old Game.	60
"Aisy Come an' Aisy Go".	62
Rhymes Without Reason	66
The Tale of the Whangeree.	66
The Chemical Cat	68
Brannigan's Lawn	71
Gloom in Darktown	74
Kennedy's Cure	77
From a Perry Street Front Stoop.	79
Fellowship	83
The Cats av Kilkenny.	84
TOWN BALLADS AND PLAIN STATEMENTS	
Where You Live Every Day	89
A Song for the Down and Out.	92
Mother Hubbard Up to Date.	95
The Danger Line	98
Don't Stay at the Grave Too Long.	100
In Parting	101

Foreword

TO MARY KARMA, AND HELEN:

You have always been my most indulgent readers, and, for that reason—and one other—I wish to divide with you the responsibility of this very unnecessary adventure. I shall hardly blame the armored cruisers of the critics for broad-siding me as an unlicensed privateer, but (and this is the other reason) perhaps your sweet presence on the voyage may disarm them of their hostility.

I recall that many of these songs and jingles were primarily written for your amusement. You both remember,

"The grieving lad who stood
Disconsolate beside the flood"

there mourning in tears the loss of his little wooden boats with their paper sails. Dear, kindly Mr. Brannigan often told you fairy lore on the lawn, and you saw enough of Mr. Kennedy to know he considered his one medicine a specific for every form of pain. I can personally testify that, after I had informed your curiosity that a Whangeree was a male Whangeroo, you embarrassed me very much indeed by wanting to know what was a Whangeroo. Now that we three are much older, we know there are many Whangerees and Whangeroos in this happy, silly, old, best of worlds. They do not wear tails and throw cocoanuts at each other from the trees, to be sure, but they wear tremendous plumes and they throw other things and often take to perilous voyages when it might have been better had they stayed at home.

I repeat that I feel these songs and jingles belong to you, and, now since they are offered to the public, not only to you, but to any and all readers who invest them with their passing attention and good-natured indulgence. To all such readers, therefore, and to you, my dearest Helen and Karma, what follows is sincerely dedicated.

CHAS. ANTHONY DOYLE.

BERKELEY, November 21st, 1911.

To D. S. R.:

WELL, Dan, here I am on the back of
Pegasus,
And now that I'm mounted, I *must*
At the risk of a spill
Climb the sacred old Hill
With the slogan, "Parnassus—or *bust!*"

.

Ah! well, if the comrades who follow the
journey
Here and there find a laugh or a thrill;
If one song of good cheer
They discover, Dan, here—
I'll dismount at the foot of the hill.

C. A. D.

IN SERIOUS MOOD

A Phantasy

I MET him on a mountain's dismal height,
Whence to escape the little things of earth
My eager feet had led me of a day.
He stood, tall, gaunt and pitiful—and glared
With eyes whose savage fire proclaimed a soul
Held bondage in a dreadful tenement.
And, with a cry whose agony was tense
With fright and suffering, he swiftly fled.
Then paused and looked at me. I beckoned him
With easy gestures while he stood all mute
And timid to my quick approach.

He spoke:

“Art come to rob me of my dreams?” “Nay,
nay,”

I answered him; “my brother, tell me why
With bruised feet, gaunt face and wild beast
skins,

Thou keepst a desolate vigil in this waste.
Is it some madness of a frenzied brain,

Or sharest thou with me a fierce desire
To flee the mockeries of a heartless world?"
With dull, dead eyes he hovered o'er my speech;
Then, creeping close to me, he said:

"Full well
I know the place, for here once on a time,
Ere Discord damned my soul to solitude,
I met a vision of ethereal grace,
Pregnant with all those harmonies of mind
That typify the higher seraphim.
My eyes in reverent wonder feasted on
Her charms of face, and poise, and flowing hair;
My lonely soul absorbed the singular spell
As the dry ground draws the summer rain
Beneath it's panting soil. I seemed to feel
A new existence—and why not? Before,
I was alone and often vaguely yearned
For some pale moon to temper my hot sun
And soothe my utter loneliness.

“And there—there she stood, much as an angel
might,

With bouyant feet and undulating poise,
And stretched her arms to me—her matchless
arms

Of purest white—thus pleading me to come.

“Her eyes—how blue, how bright, how wonder-
ful;

Her hair—how like thin, wimpled webs of
gold;

Her brow—how white; her neck—how sweetly
arched;

Her mouth—how fit for music and kind words!

“Awed by the conflict in my spell-bound soul—
For how with angels dare men parley words?—
Speechless, I neared her, looked into her eyes,
And she in mine as earnestly, and so,
Beneath the stars that placid holy night,
Love’s child was born and baptized with our
tears.

“I asked of her to be a friend to me
In thought, in act, in sympathy and soul;
To share with me this solitude where she
Had come so strangely and so suddenly. And
when

I pleaded thus, she answered me in words
Which sounded like sweet music in a dream.
She placed her alluring arms about my neck
And let me clasp her close: then as the breeze
Betossed her golden hair, I brushed it back
With loving hands and pressed a passionate kiss
Upon her cheek, and so we mutely sealed
This deathless tryst of ours.

“Thence for a while
Our lives mingled in peaceful destiny—
As streams start from a mountain-side and blend
In dear communion in the vale, where, clasped
Together, they race joyous to the sea.

“We roamed with both arms intertwined,
The mountain’s broad plateau, all covered o’er
With stately trees and dainty foliage,
And sang full blithesome songs, or lightly
 laughed

To mark a playful happening, or plucked
Some tender little plant and from its leaves
Considered Nature’s marvelous laws and mystic chemistry.

Then, in the quiet eve, we sought our bower,
Hid ’neath an arch of swaying firs and pines,
And lying at full length upon a couch
Of downy leaves, I let my head recline
Upon her pulsing bosom while she sang
Sweet songs and lulled me to repose.

“But, oh!

The change—the awful change—when Nature
 seemed

To rend her jagged summits. Foaming streams

Formed swiftly on the mountain-side and
dashed
Furiously down dizzy depths. The dark clouds
marched,
Like soldiers to a bloody fray, in great black
columns,
And they met and burst, and the harsh thunder
rolled
Like juggernauts of doom along the sky,
While rain in torrents fell upon the earth
And drenched me standing on the infernal
height.

“Then, ’bove the wrathful tempest’s vehemence,
I called to her—‘My life, my soul, to come
To me.’ No answer soothed my loneliness;
Yet once methought I heard her sybil voice
Cry out to me in tones which fainter grew
As she increased her foul estrangement from
me.

What she said

I could not hear; but this I know: her voice
Pierced my soul like steel; my throbbing brain
Seemed reeling with a writhing pain; I sank
To earth bewildered and benumbed.

“For hours

Senseless there I must have lain, for when
I rose 'twas morn. . . . I saw the very spot
Where in the past I met her who had been
My comfort and my curse.

“The mount

Seemed rent from peak to bed below, and down
The horrible abyss a torrent rushed
With fearful speed and maddened energy.
My waking thought was that I had but dreamed,
And so I reached my hand for her—but she
Was gone—

Gone,

Gone,

Gone,

“The thought beat on my soul
Like hammers on a forge. I madly stamped
The ground in bitterness of spirit—once
Approached the abysmal brink with deadly
purpose, but

Withheld the fatal step, for in my ears
I seemed to hear a voice cry out: ‘This is
The bitter damning end of thy delusion;
Thy feet hath crushed the grapes, so thou must
drink

The wine—and if thou findest it gall, think Hell
Is sourer!’ And I started up and laughed
With an insane complacency, and said:
‘So sayest thou? Well, then, so let it be—
I’ll pledge Hell’s fire to *thee* in every glass!’
Thus shouting, once again I sank
Exhausted on the repelling ground.

“Still here in spirit on the mountain-top
I stand and gaze across the dread abyss,
With mournful eyes, expecting to behold

The radiant being of my golden past.
I wait and hope—and hoping, still do live—
Not for myself, but for my astral soul.
I often wake weird voices in the vale
By crying out:

‘My dream!

My life!

My soul!

‘Art lost?

Art lost?

Art lost?’

“And mocking demons thunder in my ears:

‘Dream!

Life!

Soul!

‘Lost!

Lost!

Lost!’ ”

.
A song of a soul that lived alone . . .

And loved with a strong endeavor:

A sinister measure of weary moan

For a love that is lost—forever?

The song sayeth not—and how shall I say?

Ask the stars above or the dead below—

I give you the tale . . . read it . . . place it
away . . .

And think no more . . . it is better so.

A Question for the Masters

TWO men went forth to realize their lives—
One armed with dreadful weapons of
Defense;

With craft of speech and threat'ning artifice,
And crouched for Conquest—treacherous and
tense,

He trampled living things so they were dead;
Swept men aside and knew no thrill but Gain.
Blood, Woe, and Ruin marked his conquering
course,
'Til, battle-worn, upon a bed of pain,
Surrounded by rich trophies of his Pride,
He fought the last grim Battle—lost—and
died.

The other man went forth, loving the Earth,
The Earth and all things quick and living
there;
Armed only with strong hands to help the Weak;

With bright hopes and kind words to scatter
everywhere.

He, too, fought gallantly, but fought to free

The bonds of Suffering and to banish Wrong—

But the *first man* had crept near him while he
slept

And killed him—and passed valiantly along.

.

So Love and Hate contend from day to day—

God knows which wins; but, Masters, can *you*
say?

At Sutro Heights

I CAN see you standing there,
Wistful face and wind-tossed hair
Where the sea,
Far below the Sutro Heights,
Holds the red sun's dying lights
Solemnly;
And again your hand I press
With Love's silent tenderness,
My Marie.

Nor the bitterness of years,
Nor their dreariness and tears
Can dismiss
That sweet hour of hope and youth
When our hearts' unsullied truth
Knew the bliss
Of the Love to us revealed,
And the deathless vows we sealed
With a kiss.

Here again at sunset's hour,
Lone I stand and feel the power
Of that spell;
Trailing banners of the sun
Signal day is drear and done—
Hark! the swell
Of the loyal, friendly sea
Seems to say: "She loveth thee,
All is well!"

I believe—Love's will be done—
Farewell, Heights and Sea and Sun,
Sweet farewell!
Shall I find you waiting me,
My Marie?

My Temple

MY Temple is the peaceful Wood,
Its Dome the arching sky above;
Its Choir—the wild-birds' choralhood
That chants clear canticles of Love.
And singing brooks which seek the seas—
Their minors and sweet trebles call,
While winds witch music from the trees—
Then dumbly on my knees I fall,
And Peace and Hope come to me from
The kind God who is over all.

Nor am I one lone Worshipper—
List to the linnet's thrilling prayer!
Mark where the grasses lightly stir—
The med'lark reverently is there,
And, Oh! the call to Heaven it peals—
So pure, so faithful and so free—
My soul the immortal service feels
And thrills with strange security;
Then twilight's Benediction falls,
And the stars swing o'er God's Sanctuary.

Two Little Girls of Mine

I KNOW four stars in a wonderful sky
Which shine as stars never shone above;
I listen to music of marvelous power,
Thrilled with its beautiful measures of Love.
I know two hearts more tender and true
Than other hearts ever could be, I trow,—
And now do you wish me to tell to you
The secrets of these rare things I know?
Then listen! the music so near divine,
The Hearts so tender, the Stars a-shine
Are the Voices, the Hearts, and the Eyes so
bright
Of two little girls of mine.

Two little girls of mine! some day
My ears shall not hear your voices of song,
And the Stars of my soul shall fade away—
And oh! then the nights shall be weary and
long—

For two Proud Princes will take you from me
That your Eyes and your Voices and Hearts
be theirs—

So 'tis written in Life that life must be—

But no, I shall banish my foolish despairs,
For your Love and your Faith shall still 'round
me twine

Like roses which bloom on a brave old vine;
And so that your Princes be brave and true,
They may come—but I shall follow them, too—
For my soul shall always abide with you—

Two little girls of mine!

Sierra to the Singer

"And so I wait nor fear the tide
That comes so swiftly on to hide
My little light. The mountains glow;
I have their promise and I know."

—From "*The Promise of the Sierra*"—D. S. Richardson.

THEY gentle measures rise and fall
With buoyant music undefiled,
Thou heard'st the distant mountains call;
On thee the vales and rivers smiled;
Thou knew'st their language, felt their thrall
And listened like a musing child.

Your candid eyes swept true and far
And caught the marvels of the wood;
You knelt where God's real temples are;
Where strange cathedral shadows brood;
You knew the dread Yosemite
And vast Sierra's solitude.

And thrilled with Nature's passionate thought—
Your soul uplifted, tense and strong—
In adoration deeply fraught
With love of truth, with hate of wrong,
Paused in your pilgrimage, and wrought
A glorious offering of Song.

Oh! could the Hills reply to you!
The Crag, the Inland Seas, the Plain!
Their answer: "Friend, thy songs are true;
Their harmonies with us remain;
Abide with us; renew, renew
Thy dear devotion—sing again.

"Come to us from the selfish town,
Where Mammon lifts his brazen face;
Forget the curse of Power and Crown,
The Shylocks in the market place;
The Sun rides full—ere it goes down,
Sing one more song of tender grace!

“Come where your Mountains wait to greet;
Come where the white Sierras glow;
Come where the marvelous rivers meet;
Come to the promise which you know—
For, faithful Singer, we repeat:
‘We love you so! we love you so!’ ”

Song

LOVE is like a butterfly
That flits from flower to flower,
And daintily dines
As it shimmers and shines
'Midst the sweets of a fairy Bower.

Love is a Cherub with tiny wings,
Armed with a Bow of Gold,
And a quiver of darts
For maidens' hearts—
(Or so the tale has been told.)

Forever and a day—
Forever and a day,
The little god hides
'Neath heather sides,
Or down by a quiet river,
To pinion its darts
In Lovers' hearts—
Yet always full is the Quiver.

Love—its voice is sweet and low,
Yet heard, how swift, how clearly!
To Cupid's caress
We joyfully press—
But pay for it—oh! how dearly!
Love is a vision which comes at night
To hearts that are sad and cold;
Alas! with the Dawn
The vision is gone—
(And so has the tale been told.)

Forever and a day—
Forever and a day—
The little god hides
'Neath heather sides,
Or down by a quiet river,
To pinion its darts
In Maidens' hearts—
Yet always full is the Quiver.

A Ballad for the Gael

STILL thru the sweep of the long, sad ages,
The faithful Celt on Patrick's Day
Reverts in thought with a tender yearning
To dear old Ireland, far away.

He sees in fancy her valley vistas,
The Munster Galtees before him lie;
Shimmering dreams of waving flower fields,
Spangled with shamrocks, greet his eye.

The Kildare Curragh again reëchoes
Martial shouts of brawny men;
The low, vague drone of drowsy cattle
Rises from many a dale and glen.

And then as the bright day draws to a waning,
Under the twilight's creamy fleece
The silver call of the village vespers
Greets his ears like a breath of peace.

Again the exile enters the cottage,
Where Plenty hung from the rafter-tree;
His Irish mother, close to the fireplace,
Plies at her spinnet tranquilly.

But the vision fades and the dreamer awakens
From the spell a truant fancy planned,
With a sigh for the days of vanished boyhood
And a loyal tear for his Native Land.

Time shall never chill his devotion,
Distance never can tempt his soul
To forget the land where the lordly Shannon,
And the Lee and the Liffey waters roll.

For next to the Irish mother who bore him,
His love is plighted with patriot heart
To darling Erin—and that betrothal
Hands of iron shall never part.

Tyrants tried it with rack and bloodshed,
Traitors tried it with bribes of gold,
But Might was futile and wealth was powerless
To conquer a Faith that is ages old.

'Twas strengthened first when brutal Cromwell,
Lusting for murder, thirsting for power,
Came like a plague to peaceful Ireland
With his Norman hordes in an evil hour.

'Twas baptized with the blood of innocent
infants,
Shed by Strongbow's cruel hand
And confirmed by legions of loyal martyrs
Who offered their lives for native land.

That Love has triumphed thru sieges of Famine,
It has lessened the Exile's bitter pain;
Trampled and crushed by the heels of despots,
God has nursed it to life again.

And as long as a fetter remains to pinion
Erin down to Oppression's toil;
As long as a tenant pays his tribute
To alien masters for native soil;

As long as the curse of English conquest
Sullies the isle that once was pure,
As long as Truth is a blight to tyrants,
So long will the love of the Celt endure.

O'Neill and his dauntless clans have vanished,
O'Connell rests in a wakeless sleep;
Giant Grattan and martyred Emmet
Freedom's vigil no longer keep;

But the holy cause that fired their spirits
To battle a stubborn tyrant's will,
Thru the death and ruin of ruthless ages,
Has valiant heroes to guard it still.

For men may die and their deeds die with them,
Loves may languish, friendships sever,
But the years of truth are the years of Heaven
And Freedom lives as a God—forever.

She is living now and her bounding pulses
Throb as strong as in days of yore,
When, under the banner of Green, brave Erin
Routed the Dane from her peerless shore.

The Task is on, and with soulful efforts,
Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand,
They press to the breach with brain and ballot
For God and Faith and Native Land.

No more at the throne of English mercy
The stricken Celt kneels humbly down;
No longer he craves the foe's forbearance
Nor cowers at the tyrant's gloomy frown.

The hands of his masters at last are palsied;
They cannot strike him to earth again;
Erect and fearless he meets their numbers—
Genius for genius, brain for brain.

Have hearts of iron, ye sons of Erin;
The struggle and pain at last shall cease;
In the clearing sky is the Arch of Promise,
Foretelling the dawn of Freedom and Peace.

Watch thru the night for that Peace and Free-
dom,
Stand to your purpose and marshal your men;
For God shall soon lean out from the Heavens
And answer your prayer with a great Amen.

Our Mothers

ON Calvary's Height, close by the Cross she
stood
While Christ, her Son, achieved his martyrhood.
A symbol she, set there by God above
To show the immortal strength of mother-love.
Since then by many a Cross, in many a land,
Our faithful mothers have maintained their
stand;
Cheering us on while Life retained a breath,
And constant in the shadow e'en of Death.
Yea, no neglect, no thoughtlessness so vile
But what that Love watched steadfast all the
while.
In sin and sorrow, sickness and disgrace,
Forgiving all, enduring all—her face.
Calm and transfigured with celestial glow,
She watches—Man, oh! what a love to know!

“Our Mother”—sons and daughters of the race,
Bright be the heart-shrine where she has her
place;

Tender the love and loyal the offering
That, with true devotion, to *her* shrine you
bring.

“Mother”—never was sweeter music heard,
Since the first child, wondering, whispered the
grand word.

Word that defines our rarest, truest dower;
Symbol of Love eternal, truth and power.

Yea, power—for Virtue treacherously assailed,
When every plea, when every prayer had failed.

Has struck the bestial tempter dumb with fear
By whispering “Mother” in his tortured ear.

His Monuments*

HE learned to listen in the grass,
He knew the thoughts of toiling bees;
He spoke the language of the flowers,
He heard the voices of the trees;
And life to him was richly full
Of Nature's holiest mysteries.

For him no lure of coward gold;
No bartering in the market-place;
No thought of self, no greed for Gain
Which chills and kills our gold-mad race—
A father of the fields, he wrought
God's landscapes to enrich and grace.

He planted flowers, he planted trees,
And watched them lift and thrive and thrill
With Life's delirious joy and strength
In field and meadow, dale and hill—
Ten thousand trees, ten million flowers
His love brought forth, are living still.

Now worn with all the glorious toil,
He sleeps below sweet Nature's breast;
Beneath the poppy, pink and rose,
Beneath the oaks he loved the best—
What God-like monuments are his!
What rest, what peace, what perfect rest!

And shall he lie forgotten there?
Nay, nay! for those ten thousand trees
He reared shall chant their requiems;
His children flowers, his plants—yea, these,
Shall seed and bloom commemorative
For him through all the centuries!

* In the death of Andrew D. Pryal, California lost one of its sincerest, most unselfish and distinguished horticulturists, floriculturists and plant experimenters. His life was dedicated to the propagation and protection of all plant and tree life.

To Joaquin Miller

BARD of the West, whose prophecies in Song
Have filled a world with wonder and
delight,

Sweet be the calm and glorious the dreams
Which visit thee upon thy Sunset Height.
And may the homage of thy loved West
Be to thy spirit ever manifest.

Yea, may the singular music of the seas—
Thy seas, oh! Bard, bear to thee songs of
Peace,

So shall the mighty Hills wave messages
Of Love and loyalty that shall not cease.
Stand fast! Immortal minstrel, peace to
thee;
The whole world guards thy deathless
memory.

Below the Cliff House

BESIDE the Beach one Summer's day
I watched a band of children play.

With little boats they gaily tried
To safely launch upon the tide.

I asked a grieving lad who stood
Disconsolate beside the flood:

"Why weep you here uncomforted?"

"Because my boats are lost," he said;

"Of those I sent across the sea

Not one has yet returned to me!"

How many, like that child, design
To sport upon the Beach of Time;

To cast across the Flood of Years

Their Hopes, with never a thought of tears.

But Oh, ye countless Souls that mourn,
How few—if any—Hopes return;

How many on Life's Beach await,
Heartbroken and disconsolate.

Looking Forward

THE Temples shall be stripped of Gold
And Kings of crown and diadem;
The Creeds teach Truths too long untold—
Too long forgot and scorned by them—
And men shall follow, as of old,
The gentle Christ of Bethlehem.

Shall follow just as children take
Unflinching the father's hand
And walk with him in utter faith—
From sea to sea, from land to land,
The world to real Life shall wake—
For all the world will understand.

Shall follow safe and sane and true,
With song and gladness, and shall give
As man to man, the tender due
Of love and mercy, so all live
Endowed with power of mercy, too—
(So once, in peace, the faithful Twelve
Took up and followed Christ—the Jew!)

It should be so, it shall be so—

Too long the reign of Power and Pride;
Too long have martyrs died for Truth
Since Christ for Truth was crucified.
War, waste and wretchedness must cease,
And Peace and Truth with men abide.

I know not how, I know not when,
But lo! the Signs are near and far—
And thru the night Truth's magi-men
Are following once more the Star—
Some day we all shall find again
Where Justice, Love and Mercy are.

Sneer, Neros, on your thrones of Power,
Laugh, Mumbler, in your golden Shrine,
Blare, trumps of War, that Men may cower—
Christ's Cause is mightier than thine.
“Ye know not nor the Day or Hour”—
Beware, when forms Truth's battle-line!

A Call to the Hills

YEA, I was worn and my spirit seemed dead,
And I cried to Man and to God:

“Oh! give me this day my daily bread,

You see how I plan and plod;

I toil by the Temples where Plenty is spread—

Strike! Moses of Mammon, the Rod.”

“There are bairns, and beautiful ones, to feed,

And I am their hope of gain;

I wear your livery, I mumble your creed,

Yet only the few attain;

Oh! City of Greed, is there no repose,

No need for my wretched Pain?”

And a Voice crept into my heart and spoke:

“Abandon the gold-mad street;

Come with me to the Hills and my bounty
invoke

And thy peace it shall be complete,

And my Earth shall yield thee thy wants, and my
yoke

Shall be light, and my burden sweet.”



IN DIALECT

Two Idylls of the Old Town

I—THE “SOCIAL SOUTH O’ THE SLOT.”

“Say, Lizzie, will youse come wit’ me dis evenin’
if I call?

Dere’s goin’ to be a Social up at Federation Hall.

It’s a Benefit for Clancy Breen, de guy dat had
a spill

While foolin’ wid a buzz-saw down at Darby
Graydon’s mill.

We’ll have a corkin’ time for keeps—it’ll be
clean out of sight,

For de Rosebud Social Club has framed a big
turn-out tonight.

Dere’s a silver-plated pitcher for de best team
on de floor,

Youse kin see it on de way up-town in Isaacs’
tailor store.

It's an invintation social—see? de rule is, youse
must show

Yer ticket at de door—an' Clementina street
don't go.

Likewise de gang from Butchertown will have
to stay away,

For dey're wearin' cuffs an' full-dress shirts—in
fac', dey're highly *gay*.

It's class wid us from soup to nuts—an' Liz, I
gotta hunch

Dat youse an' me will cop dat silver pitcher off
de bunch!"

"Say, Jimmie," answered Liz, "will any cannery
girls be dere?

Dey'd put a dead cold frost on any social where
dey were.

For 'skirts' like Maggie Jacobson for meanness
can't be beat;

I wouldn't walk a-past her on de same side of de
street—

An' if dey lets into the social such a good-fer-
nottin' ham,
I'm for stayin' home an' sleepin'—cross-me-heart,
Jim-sure-I-am.

Y'ure sure dat she ain't comin'? well, all right
then, I'll be dere
As soon as I kin change me rags and lace an'
comb me hair.

Me new dress ain't quite ready—but I'll finish it
by eight
An' I'll meet youse roun' de corner—now-fer-
Gaw's-sake-don't-be-late."

That evening Liz and Jimmie at Federation Hall
Wiggled with set faces through the dances of the
ball.

And when the "function" terminated Jimmie
"stood the treat"
In Bolz's coffee parlor up at Fourth and Market
street.

The coffees, backed by "sinkers," four in time
were duly "hit,"

And Lizzie chewed her gum while Jimmie
rolled a cigarette.

And then, with little fingers linked, the tender,
loving pair

Walked homewards to the music of some whis-
tled minstrel air;

And neither bloody Butchertown nor Clemen-
tina street

Was there to cast reflection on the Rosebud Club
elite!

II—THE PROPOSAL.

“Say, Lizzie, I been feelin’ kinda leery in me
gait,

An’ I’m jest a-goin’ to cough it up an’ give it to
youse straight.

Dere’s no good use in stallin’ when you got dat
kind of pain,

So I’ll spit it out, no matter if it drives me heart
insane.

Well, de fact is I been troubled—troubled, Liz
—dat’s what I said—

Most everyt’ing I t’rows into me stomach feels
like *lead*.

Me wind ain’t what it used to be, I ain’t up to
me speed;

If I gets de least bit nervous, why me *nose* be-
gins to bleed!

If I run a block or chase a car me heart starts in
and beats;

Now it ain't because I'm boozin' nor a-smokin'
cigareets,

For I haven't took a beer nor smoked a cigareet
a-tall

Since de night we copped de pitcher up at Fed-
eration Hall.

Dis t'ing's been goin' on some time, aldough I
never said

A word to make youse t'ink dat wheels was run-
nin' in me head;

For I t'ought I'd fight it out alone and beat it to
a 'fraz,'

But it's got a wrastlin' hold on me—yes, Liz,
dat's what it has;

So I gets me nut a-workin'—wid de partick'ler
view

Of findin' out de trouble—an' I'm talkin'
straight—it's *you!*

It isn't nuthin' diff'rent and it can't go on no
more,

For de fellers is dead wise to me down at de
wholesale store.

So don't youse be hard-hearted jest because youse
have de drop;

You're me only trouble, Lizzie, an' de trouble's
got to stop!

We been doubled up togedder, Liz, for several
seasons now;

We been to lots of rackets an' we ain't had any
row;

I've tried to treat youse decently—de best what I
could do—

If dere's any kick a-comin', Liz, it oughtn't come
from *you*.

I been workin' prutty steady an' I got de folks to
tank

For puttin' all me dough in de Hibernia Savings
Bank.

Me muther lets me have the bedroom set dat's
painted blue,

De quilt an' China dishes—an' some other t'ings
for *you*;

Likewise de hair-clot' sofa in de front room we
kin take—

An' I'll brung me big accordeon, jest for old
acquaintaince sake.

In fac', I'll do most anyt'ing youse can expect of
me,

If youse'll only toe de scratch an' talk up honest
—see?

I can't be troubled like I been much longer—an'
I *won't*—

So here's de proposition: *Do we hitch or do we
don't?*

Hull on a minute—don't youse speak because I'm
feelin' blue;

Jest *whistle* if yeh don't—an' *pull me necktie* if
yeh *do!*"

Full gloomy Jimmie looked as though by sorrow
 overawed,
While Lizzie bit her nails and absent-mindedly
 said "Gawd!"

Far down the alley Jimmie gazed and vacant
 was his glance
As that of some ecstatic being staring in a trance;
'Til he felt his colored necktie slipping swiftly
 from his shirt—
Then he said: "It's all right, Liz, I knew youse
 wouldn't do me dirt.

I knew youse -wouldn't," Jimmie cried; and
 Lizzie looked demure
As she fixed his tie, and slapped his face and,
 said to him: "*Why-sure!*"

The Same Old Game

IT'S the same mad whirl;
Sunshine first an' darkness after;
Craft o' man an' faith o' girl;
Hell an' hatred; love an' laughter;
Jest the lights an' shades o' life,
Heart-fires cold, an' then a-flame—
Call it peace, or call it strife—
It's jest the same ol' game.

It's the same graft fer gold,
It's the same thrill o' prize;
Of creatures bought and sold
By treachery and lies.
What fills up the histories?
Chase of wealth an' power an' name—
Fought thru all the centuries—
It's jest the same ol' game.

Gee! the risin' o' the sun,
An' the ripple o' the creek;
Evenin's peace when day is done

An' the quiet trees speak;
Then the starlight an' the dreams
That flood the soul with livin' flame—
Yes, there's times Life doesn't seem
To be the same ol' game.

Can't we strike the false gods dead?
Can't we stick to Love an' Truth?
Can't we follow lessons said
By the firesides of our Youth?
Lore o' nature; lore o' peace;
Love of toil an' honest name—
Try them on, an' life'l cease
To be the same ol' game.

We kin reach the real height
Where the voice o' duty calls—
How? why jest to flash joy's light
Everywhere pain's shadow falls.
Jest to think o' fellow man,
Jest to heal the wounds o' Shame;
Jest to follow God's own plan—
Meanin' God's own game.

“Aisy Come an’ Aisy Go”

DOWN in a little narrer street
In front av Gorman’s grocery store,
Ould Doogan smokes his clay dhudeen
An’ tilts his chair agin’ th’ door.
An’ while he cuts his twisted plug
An’ watches men pass to and fro,
Says he, wid philosophic mug:
“They’re aisy come an’ aisy go.”

A full-faced man is he, of years;
Red-shirted, too, with beard galore,
An’ crimsoned from the many beers
Which daily down his throttle pour.
Large-jawed an’ stiff in gait an’ limb,
Wit’ little eyes that shrewdly glow;
An’ all day long says *he* to *him*:
“It’s aisy come an’ aisy go.”

He rolls the ’baccy in his hands,
He stomps it in his ancient pipe;

He takes a match, assumes a stand
An' lights it with a mighty swipe.
He sees the smoke in circles roll,
While in the pipe the embers glow;
"An', faith," sez he, "smoke's loike a soul—
'Tis aisy come an' aisy go."

At night when honest toil, alive
To pleasure seeks the Gorman's place
To have a game av "forty-five,"
There may be seen his shining face.
He reads the daily papers thru,
'Bout sthrikes an' politics an' so—
An winds up wid his private view—
"They're aisy come an' aisy go."

An' so does Doogan smoke an' doze,
An' thus his time he idly spends—
The flies that clushter on his clothes
His only confidential friends.
"It's pleasant weather Doogan," cries
Some neighbor, "don't ye think 'tis-so?"

Sez Doogan (rousin' up the flies)
 "It's aisy come an' aisy go."
'Tis said that wanst, in years gone by,
 Poor Doogan loved a comely maid;
She jilted Doogan on the sly
 An' left him lonely an' dismayed;
But whin the news was brought to him
 He stopped the tears that thried to flow,
An' only said, wid visage grim:
 "She's aisy come an' aisy go."

Since Molly jilted him life seems
 A fraud, a mockery an' a lie,
An' men an' other things are dhreams
 Too small to think of earnestly;
"I have," sez he, "me views av life—
 They're quick to say but harrud to know;
I'm thinkin' joy is moshtly sthrife,
 An' aisy come an' aisy go."

To Earth wid all its teemin' things,
To man wid all his sunny hopes,
To beasts a-foot an' birruds a-wing,
An' seas that sthrike the border slopes;
To loves that paint life's lonely skies,
To much above and mosht below,
Ould Doogan's Irish phrase applies:
"THEY'RE AISY COME AN' AISY GO."

Rhymes Without Reason

I—THE TALE OF THE WHANGEREE.

THERE once was a whimsical Whangeree
That lived in a shady cocoa tree,
And whimpered and sighed day after day
To a flirtative Whangeroo over the way;
But sigh as he would she turned her head,
And he chittered and wailed: "I wish I were
dead;
For why shall I live and suffer, too,
For love of a heartless Whangeroo?
Ah! me," wept he,
(Poor Whangeree!)
As he shuddered his tail in the cocoa-tree.

Now it happened to pass that the Whangeree
Was caught in his doleful reverie,
And taken off in a mighty boat
And dressed in pants and a velvet coat,
To dance in the streets of a sea-port town

And catch the pennies that pattered down.
He brooded and pined for the brown-eyed maid
He left in the far-away Congo glade.

“Chick-a-chee!” sobbed he,
(Drear Whangeree!)

“Oh! I wish I were back in the cocoa-tree.”

But maidens are false and fickle, too,
And so was this heartless Whangeroo;
“I’m sorry,” she said, “he has gone away;
He was very amusing, I’m free to say;
Yet now that he’s gone he is not, I see,
The only monk in the cocoa-tree!
There’s another Whangeree stout and hale,
And I’ll make HIM sigh and twist his tail!

“Tee! hee!” laughed she,

“Poor Whangeree!”

As she braided her tail in the cocoa-tree.

II—THE CHEMICAL CAT.

There's a chemical shop 'way down in the gloom
Of a street on the Flat, in a little back-room,
Where a crusty old Chemist keeps working away
With his gases and acids the whole of the day.
The place is so smelly and gloomy and drear,
That no one would care to partake of its cheer,
Save a strange-looking object on top of a vat—
The chemist's companion, the Chemical Cat.

Now this marvelous cat has a history strange
That is told by the felines abroad on the range
Of the neighboring rooves in those hours of the
night

When boot-jacks are thrown and the moon sheds
her light.

For 'tis said that this Tom milk and mice doth
eschew

To unnaturally dine upon HO_2 .

A diet un-feline—you'll join me in *that*—

For a real self-respecting and God-fearing Cat!

For breakfast it eats up a plate of blue mas
And washes it down with some liquified gas;
For dinner it takes a few pieces of chalk
(And rosins its toes to be firm in its walk).
Its whiskers are dyed a most beautiful green,
Its hind legs are covered with red bisalene;
Its tail is sea-green and its forelegs are blue,
Its back is seal-brown—and its stomach is, too.
Faith! there's mighty few people would dare to
cry "Scat!"

At this terribly tinted, strange, Chemical Cat!

Thus lonely and shunned by its fellow felines—
(And 'tis shunned, by the by, upon strict color
lines—)

This odd-looking object may daily be seen,
Chewing carbolized cotton or else Paris green;
While the crusty old Chemist keeps working
away

As I mentioned before, with his drugs all the
day;

And the one fear which haunts it is that it may
dine

Upon mixtures which into a flame will combine,
Which, igniting the gas, stored inside like a
drum,

Would explode with the force of an anarchist
bomb:

So in fear of its life, all alone on the vat
Sits this bleached, dyed and gas-guzzling Chem-
ical Cat.

Brannigan's Lawn

BRANNIGAN works on the lawn all day,
Brannigan's hair is scanty and grey;

Brannigan's hands are knotty and black;
Brannigan limps on "wan ind" of his back.

But Brannigan thinks as the moments pass
And he gathers the chickweed out of the grass;

And says he in his musical Irish voice:
"Faith, I'm ould as Methusel, but me spirits
rejoice;

I'm ould as Methusel without kith or kin,
And I'm full of wrinkles—I am—an' *sin*,

But the Lorrud is good, an' I'm cam—*I'm cam*
Whin I thinks of me ind, sir,—I am—*I am!*"

Brannigan once had a wife and three
Of "the lov'liest childre you could see";

But one of them married and two of them died,
Then followed the wife to the other side.

“I’m alone in the wurruld, but I’m patient an’
brave,”

Says he, “tho I’ve wan of me legs in the grave;

’Tis here I am an’ ’tis here I’ll be

’Til Gab’rel blows up his troompet for me.

’Tis the lonely loikes of meself that’s found

That friends are scarcer than fairy ground.

Whin yure ould an’ nashty an’ wrinkled an’ grey,

Wherever ye go yure in somebody’s way;

Faith, I’ve found it out since I losht me Liz—

’Tis yure hand that’s yure frind, sir,—it is—

it is.”

Then he pauses and gives you a serious view—

“Faith, yure mother, sir, well may be proud av
you!

Yure a good man born an' a gintleman bred,
Luck an' fortune is starin' you sthraight ahead.

Well, I'm happy meself, fer I'm never broke
If I've the price of a dhrink an' a bit of a smoke.

Yes, a cup av coffee an' a dime or two
An'—Lorrud bless you, an' sure, I am thankful
to you!"

Then Brannigan stoops and the chick-weed flies,
And he looks up cunningly out of his eyes;

And you meet his look and he straightens his
phiz—

And—he's "cuttin' the grass, sir"—he is—*he is*.

Gloom in Darktown

AH ain't no count . . . Ah nevah might . .
Ah couldn't be no good;

Mos' everyone dat *looks* at me

Knows Ah ain't what Ah *should*.

They ain't *no* room foh argyment,

Ah'm dead wrong . . . Ah'm sham;

Make *no* mistake 'bout *me*, Suh,

Ah'm n-no good . . . dat's what I am.

Jess see dem shoes . . . *no sole . . . no heel . . .*

Wohn down . . . wohn down . . . wohn down

From trapassin' 'roun' to git a job—

No work foh me in *dis* town;

Mah clo'es is bum . . . mah talk is bum . . .

Face like a buhrned-out ham;

Ah'm nach'ly bad . . . Ah look like suspishin

Ah'm no good . . . dat's what Ah am.

Ah made a quartah t'other day

A-sawin' up some wood . . .

Gave a s'loonman de quartah to change . . .

He sez: "Dat money's n-n-no good!"

Ah sez: "Jess so!" . . . he sez: "You no good
youseff."

Said Ah b'lieved him . . . he hit me a slam

Ah sez: "G'on, Boss! *hit me some moh* . . .

Ah'm n-n-no good . . . dat's what I am!"

They ain't no cuhr foh mah disease . . .

They cain't be, for it's *me*;

Ah'm my *own* trouble . . . mah *body* ain't
right . . .

Folks jest have to *leave me be* . . .

Ah'm *skayed* of mahsef . . . Ah'm a *double*
cross . . .

Ah'm a babe dat was *bohn in a jam* . . .

Ah'm what you try to *git away from* . . .

Ah'm n-no good . . . dat's what Ah *am*.

Ah got no good use in *livin'* . . .

Ain't half way fit to be *daid* . . .

Ah'm in mah *own* way in de *daytime*,

An' *Ah* cain't sleep still in mah *bed* . . .

Cain't *say* nothin' good . . . cain't *do* nothin'
good . . .

Ah'm a *left-over* . . . Ah'm a *clam*!

Keep *moovin'* way fuhm me, Mistah . . . Ah'm
ketchin' . . .

Ah'm n-n-no good . . . *dat's what ah am.*

NOTE.—The profound conviction of the stout colored gentleman who supplemented a request for "ten cents" by solemnly and slowly declaring his unworth in this world, induced the above verses. I can see him as he shifted away with the coin, now and then turning to assure me that he was "n-no good!"—until, as he slouched out of speaking distance, he half turned his head and shook his hand sadly—I knew his final message was his first—that I was to always remember he was "nach'ly n-no good."

Kennedy's Cure

KENNEDY sits on the butter-box
Outside of the Gorman's grocery store,
And watches the laborers pounding rocks
While he pulls on his clay dhudeen galore;
And once in a while when a small street man
Who is down on his luck with nothing to do,
Comes wheeling around with his "jimmy-can,"
Says Kennedy: "What is the matter wit you?
Yure eyes look dull an' yure face is pale,
Whin yure tongue is yellow 'tis a timely
warnin'—
Take a dose av salts an' a whishkey punch
An' you'l be a well man in th' mornin'.
For he's the physician of Langton street,
No matter whatever the ill,
Whether measles or mumps or corns on the feet,
His remedy works true still.

“Whin yure sick live up to yure common sense
An’ the traits that yure folks was born in—
Take a whiskhey punch an’ a dose of salts
An’ you’l be a well man in the mornin’.

“Sure, what is the use of thim nashty drugs
That ye take wid a spoon, ye gummach!
Divil a dhrop o’ th’ sthuff ye see
Th’ docthor put in his stomach.
But whin he’s sick, sir, he takes a glass
An’ puts a stout ould horn in,
Takes his wishkey punch wid a dose av salts
An’ wakes up a well man in the mornin’.

Jist look at poor little Jimmy Dunn,
That was buried this blessed day;
He dhrank a drug-store—rest his soul!
While the docthors were laughing away;
But what was the use to give him advice
Whin it only brought me his scornin’?
Yet, a wishky punch an’ a dose av salts—
An’ he’d been a well man this mornin’.

From a Perry Street Front Stoop

IT'S true for you, my good woman, I'm feeling
fine to-day,

And more contented than I've been this six-
week anyway;

Yes, 'tis me can rest in comfort with the baby on
the stoop—

Long Pat's got a job, and Johnny's over of the
croup.

Between the rent man worrying me both mor-
ning, noon and night;

Bills piling up like shavings and divil a cent in
sight,

You can well believe, good woman, that me
shoulders had to stoop

Until Pat got a job and Johnny mended of the
croup.

'Twas money, money all the time for this thing
or for that;

Cam-frated oil for Johnny's throat, and tobacco
for old Pat—

Lord forgive me for getting mad—him sitting
on the stoop,

And him without a job—and Johnny *busting*
with the croup.

God knows and all the neighbors knows that's
living on the street

I worked the knuckles off me hands and the
bunions off me feet

With making both ends touch—and, faith, 'twas
me was in the soup

Until Pat got a job and Johnny mended of the
croup.

Sure, I clouted him, I was that mad when I
traced him up one night

To Mister Gorman's grocery and him playing
cards—and tight;

"Divil twist you, Pat," says I, "and do you think
I'll be your dupe,
And you without a job, and Johnny groaning
with the croup?

"I'd thank you, Mister Gorman," says I, "if
you'd give that man no beer;
I'd thank you, Mister Gorman," says I; "Now,
Pat, get out of here;
Get out, you lazy Gummach, and get back to
your own stoop;
For it's little you think of work and your poor
boy Johnny's croup."

Missis Brady stole me hens because she saw me
hands were tied . . .

Faith, I threw it up to her this morning . . .
she was that mad she cried!

'Divil mend you, Missis Brady,' says I, 'and
why didn't you steal the *coop* . . .

And my man without a job and Johnny gagging
with the croup!

“Shame on you, common woman, it’s reported
you should be
For thieving, just because I couldn’t keep me
eyes on *ye*;
Sure I’d almost pray the chickens would give
your brats the roop,
Only Pat’s got a job and Johnny’s over of the
croup.

“Well, I hope you’re feeling’s as well as I am,
good woman, this blessed day.
Pat’s coming from the stable soon . . . I sent
Johnny for some tay,
And while the kitchen’s cooling off, thinks I, I’ll
rest me on the stoop . . .
Long Pat’s got a job—d’you see?—and Johnny’s
over of the croup.”

Fellowship

FROM MISTER DOOGAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

YE live yure life, an' ye live as ye please,
An' ye pack wid yure own ould Clan;
An' ye buy yure bread an' yure mate an'
yure cheese

The mosht and the cheapest ye can;
Ye gather yure gold, clutch be clutch 'til ye
die—

But, frind, lave me toss ye this tip:
There's wan thing ye'll never deceive nor buy,
An' that is thrue fellowship.

For 'tis borrun of th' soul that ud *die* for you
Of th' heart that kin weep in song;
Of brawn and brains that is tinse an' thrue,
Of Faith that is manly an' sthrong;
Of th' Mercy that stops the timplt lie
From makin' the firsht *bad slip*—
Yes, gold is gold, but it niver can buy
Strong, brave, good fellowship.

The Cats av Kilkenny

THE cats av Kilkenny are frolicsome creatures,

Wid wishkers as stiff as a porcupine's
quills;

While the faymales have beautiful claws an' fine
features

That 'ud fill any Tom wid a million av thrills.

An' the downiest fur!

An' mosht blarneyin' purr!

Always ready for any ould scrimmage and
scratch—

Sure, there isn't *enny*

Cats in th' wurruld

Like the rollickin', frolickin' Cats av Kilkenny.

The Cats av Kilkenny sometimes are quite
pleasin',

(An' full av the good-natured divil at that!)

But, faith, if they're rubbed the wrong way wid-
out reason,

Be the Powers! they'll fight at the dhrop av a
hat!

Yes, they'll glare an' they'll glower
On fence an' Round Tower,
For they're divils on knowin' with who to have
spats;

And throughout Ireland's nation
They've a great reputation
For hatin' land agents an' peelers—an' rats!

Sorra the *enny*
Cats in the wurruld
Like the blashtering, mashtering Cats av
Kilkenny.

Now, the cats av Kilkenny, I'm plazed to explain
that

The first two in hist'ry were transformed from
men;

The first Tom was Cromwell, the faymale a
Dane that

Was thrapped in a bog at the siege av Lough
Glen.

'Twas a fairy whose magic
Doomed thim to the tragic
Existence of cats—"an' ye divils!" sez she,
Scratch an' meaouw up and down
Thru ould Kilkenny town,
An' kape fightin' an' bitin' 'til poor Ireland's
free!"

Then she tapped them quite gaily
Wid her blessed shillaylee—
An' sure now you've the cause of the Cats av
Kilkenny.

**TOWN BALLADS AND PLAIN
STATEMENTS**

Where You Live Every Day

I AM tired of the City, its traffic and din ;
Of its alleys of shame and its mansions of sin ;
Of its pride of false living, its commerce by
 stealth,
Of its pathos of poverty, swagger of wealth ;
Of its boulevard brazenry, presumption and
 pose,
And its judgment of men by their bank-books
 and clothes ;
So I want to get back to the country again,
To the farm and the orchard, the meadow and
 plain ;
To the deep-bosomed valleys, beflowered and
 green,
Where warm-hearted Nature forever is Queen ;
Where the clover airs balmily blow on your
 cheek,
Where you live *every day* and not just *once a*
 week.

Oh! the pity, the pain and the despond of life,
Where the minions of Mammon are always in
strife;

Where dishonesty, énvý and lust crowd the hives
And the foul lure of Gold leads its slaughter of
lives.

Ah! City! your mansions and cafés are bright
With their tinkle of glasses, their music and
light;

Your avenues teem with Pomp's gaudy parade,
But Poverty's children crouch dumb in the
shade—

And I'm sick of it all—to the country again,
Where health and clean living are prized more
than gain;

Where hearts are unselfish and *mean what they*
speak—

Where you live *every day* and not *just once a*
week.

Good-bye to you, City. Good-bye to your pride,
Good-bye to the heartaches your blandishments
hide;

Good-bye to your marts and your sky-scrapers
tall,

And may God help the failures you lured to
their fall.

For I and my sweetheart are faced to the hills,
Upbuilded by God at Creation's first thrills;
We shall breath of the clover; our toil shall be
rest;

And our friends shall be those who are time-
tried and best.

The linnet shall wake us at dawn's rosy light,
And the cricket's sweet chirp lull our sleeping
at night;

And we'll know by the roses which bloom on
each cheek

That we live every day—and not just once a
week!

A Song for the Down and Out

WELL, son, are you feeling the stings of
defeat

After struggling to conquer Success?

Do you think there's a JINX that you simply
can't beat?

Do your creditors harry and press?

Are your clothes getting seedy? your cash running
low?

Do you fear all your courage has fled?

Then forget it—you're only *commencing* to
show—

A man's never down 'til he's dead.

No physician prescribes for himself when he's
ill,

For he knows that his brain isn't clear;

So when you're disheartened and weakened in
will

Why let some hopeful guy give you cheer.

Smile up at your creditors—say that you'll try
To a finish and come out ahead;
Keep a-hustling; you'll have plenty cash by-
and-by—
They *can't* put you down 'til you're *dead*.

I know it's a tough proposition to strive,
Meeting many a cruel rebuff,
With you battling to keep soul and body alive,
And the world seeming cold—*oh! it's tough!*
But, gee! when you've kept up the desolate fight
And you win—ain't it great for the head?—
Keep a-chasing the Jinx, son, his goat is in
sight—
Play to *win*—you're not down 'til you're *dead*.

Here's my hand, chum; you play on the good-
fellow's side;
Cut the "*Dead march in Saul*"—try a *jig!*
Three cheers for you! Now for that Marathon
stride . . .

Oh! *you winner!* get busy and *dig*—
A good-natured world, son, is there with the
 Boost,
 Though the grouches may hammer instead—
Never mind them—*their* chickens will have a
 low roost—
YOU'LL be up when the *knockers* are dead.

Mother Hubbard Up to Date

THE rhymes of our childhood sometimes
have a meaning

Which the thoughtful can put to good
use;

Yes, there's many a text for a practical sermon
In the jingles of dear Mother Goose.

When you've gambled your time and side-
stepped the good chances,

Just recall, in your lonely despair,

How Old Mother Hubbard once went to the
cupboard—

And found that "the cupboard was bare."

If you've money in plenty your friends are
alluring;

They're the best of good fellows just then;

They have money to lend you, are glad to be-
friend you,

And declare you a prince among men.

But when Luck takes a turn and you crave for
their help—well—

You find that the “bunch” isn’t *there*—

Yes, my dear Mother Hubbard, you go to the
cupboard—

And discover it’s terribly bare.

Tho’ there may be exceptions, this rule is a true
one—

There’s ten grafters for one real friend—

It is not what you *are* that concerns *them*, by far,

But it’s just what you’ve got—what you *spend*!

With the end of your pile they have passed the
last smile—

They’re too busy to think of your care—

There you are, Mother Hubbard! you have gone
to the cupboard

And found it was dismally bare!

I don't mean that the whole world is selfish and
vicious—

Not at all—make your friends—spend away;
But be sure you deposit some “bones” in the
“closet”—

Mother Hubbard may need them some day.
You take pleasure in *giving*, but as for the *ask-*
ing—

Well, you know if you've ever been *there*—
So, my dear Mother Hubbard, when you go to
the cupboard
Have it fixed that the cupboard's not *bare*.

The Danger Line

DID you wake with a start wondering where
you were at?

Then lay back to soberly think;
But decide that the very best thing you could do
Would be "skid" to the nearest drink?
Did you slip past the breakfast you couldn't eat
And rush to the beer and the wine?
Did you join in some prosperous grafter's
treat?—

Then you're on the Danger Line.

It is foolish enough, son, to jolly the "crowd"
When you're "kidding" for daily pelf;
But, listen! there's only a grave and a shroud
For the fellow who kids himself.
A few "rounds" of drink and you say—and be-
lieve—

"The world is all mine—all mine!"—
Yet it's only yourself that you deceive—
For you're on the Danger Line.

You'd not do an act to wife, mother or child
That would threaten their lives with disgrace,
You'd declare the accuser was brutal and wild
If he said such a thing to your face—
But, man, are there loved ones who prosper or
lose
By *some* acts good or bad that you do?
Are you dragging their souls to the bars where
you booze?
Are *they* on the Danger Line *too*?

Don't Stay at the Grave Too Long

THE Past is a grave which we tenderly strew
With flowers of Remembrance always,
For the Loves and the Friendships we
once fondly knew

In the hours of a dead yesterday.

It is sweet that we visit the tomb of the Past,
Its memories still near us should throng;
Yet—recall that Life presses us on to a Task—
And don't stay at the Grave too long.

Yes, 'tis tender to think of the dear days a-gone
When ambition was lusty and young;
To remember the sweet hopes we built upon
And the thrill of old loves we sung;
For the dear, vanished Memories now buried
away

Crave a loyalty steady and strong;
Let us cherish the Past and its graves—but,
say,—

Don't stay at the Grave too long.

In Parting

BELOVED West, thou art all song and glad-
ness;

Thy seas are symphonies, thy sparkling
streams

Sing joyous lyrics while they run—thy moun-
tains

And giant woods are vibrant with grand
themes.

From the Sierras to the Sunset seas

Peal forth, to accordant souls, thy glorious
melodies.

Deem it not strange if I, one of thy children,
Spelled by the music of hill, wood and sea,
Should like a child shrill forth in mimic trebles
Some note of song, however vainlessly.

For West, thou art my mother, and I fling
My truant song to thee because I cannot
help but sing.

I feel, however, humbly, all thy glory,
Air, sea and sky bear me thy marvelous song;
Tomes of the past have given my soul thy story—
How beautiful thou art! how brave! how
strong!

Oh! Guardian of the World's last destiny—
Would that thy child could sing a truer
song for thee.

.
My little note is sung—I pass along—
Forgive the singer and forget the song.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS

WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00. ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

APR 4 1939

FEB 22 1940

21 NOV 1941

YB 73624 —

744252

959
0754
C

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

